



Wounded Heart



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Chapter 1 by Rae Chelz

His words, like a well-aimed dagger, struck my heart. His voice echoed as a rippled reminder through my ears. I didn't understand, I...I just couldn't understand why he no longer wanted to be together. I tried to do my best. I knew I gave my all. I drew my arms behind my back to conceal the act of pinching myself. The pain was confirmation enough. This wasn't some horrible nightmare from which I could draw a fairly sensible amount of relief, knowing I would eventually be awoken. The physicality of his presence was real. His mind was made up. This decision was firmly established, at least from his vantage point. This was really happening.

"Did you hear what I said?" He asked, his eyes searching in vain for any hint of emotion. "I never meant to hurt you, but I just can't do this anymore. I'm --".

"sorry?" I interrupted. "yeah, sure you are. Somehow I find that difficult to believe right now. Why?" I could feel every muscle in my body begin to tense up. I couldn't bring my gaze up to meet his, because I knew the moment our eyes connected, I would lose the last bit of self-control I was so desperately clinging to.

"I think we both know the answer to that," he said.

"Refresh my memory." I responded, with a hint of justifiable sarcasm in my tone. He may not have realized it, but I honestly had no idea. I mean, we had our problems, but what relationship doesn't. As a little girl, my mother used to tell me that, "Adversity didn't build character, it

revealed it." And at that very moment, the ring of truth behind that one simple sentence was deafening. I saw in him what I could never be.

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Chapter 2 by Intellikot



"Well." He breathed in and then out again. "You're waiting for marriage. I'm... not. It's frustrating, Mae. It truly is. I love you. I do... but."

"But what."

"But I'm a guy. It's only natural. I don't feel... equal in this. I feel like you're using your religious beliefs as a way to control this relationship. To protect yourself. To maintain control, yeah."

"It's my own choice, Dan. It's not a religious belief."

"Right."

"Well. I guess there's nothing more to be said."

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